That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vale to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Morina*; ſo
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as given, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all graceſull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with envie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the unborne event,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which never ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy love boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her,
Here ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina with

Mar. No, I will robbe T
greene with Flowers: the yel
lets and Marigolds, ſhall as
while Summer dayes doth laſt
a tempeſt, when my mother
laſting ſtorme, hurrying me fr

Dion. How now *Marina*?
How chance my daughter is no
Doe not conſume your bloud w
You have a Nurſe of me. Lord
Chang'd with this unprofitable
Come give me your flowers, er
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre
And it pierces and ſharpens the
Come *Leonine* take her by the a

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not b

Dion. Come, come, I love
ſelfe, with more than forraine h
here, when he ſhall come and fi
thus blaſted. Hee will repent th
blame both my Lord and mee,
your beſt courſes. Go I pray you
againe; reſerve that excellent co
eyes of young and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home

Mar. Well, I will goe, but ye

Dion. Come, come, I know 'ti
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, a
Remember what I have ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leave you my ſweet
ſoftly, doe not heate your bloud
you.

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